

## Saccharine by NeroAnne

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**Summary:**

Just the boys being awfully sweet during the Pre-Christmas times.  
This is so disgustingly sweet, gross.

# Saccharine

## Author's Note:

I'm sorry for hurting you guys yesterday.

Day 6: Fluff and Good Stuff

To recover from the day of sad things, we will have a day of nothing but cavity inducing warm and gooey things! Anything soft and sweet you can think of, crank it out and post it up my friends!

“Ouch!”

Jonathan rolled his eyes, snatching the scissors from his whining boyfriend, “This is why I told you to go to bed. You’ve been patrolling every night this week and you’re so sleep-deprived that you can’t even cut wrapping paper without injuring yourself.” He set the scissors beside his crossed knees, taping up another corner of the present.

Their little tree was surrounded by presents. Large boxes, small boxes, tall ones, short ones. Some of red, some of green, some of colors that had no business being sold for the Christmas seasons but Jonathan was weird enough to buy and use them anyway.

He’d chosen the gold wrapping paper for Steve’s presents (because Steve was his royal King, thank you very much), and had done away with them long before Steve came home. He was working on one of Eleven’s presents now, the bright red wrapping paper with dancing penguins glinting in the lights of the little bulbs on their Christmas tree.

Pancakes wandered over, sniffing curiously at the wrapping paper. Jonathan cooed to the cat, stroking the little black ear for a few seconds before returning his attention to the present on his lap.

“I just wanted to help,” Steve pouted, grabbing a couch cushion off of the couch and slapping it onto the floor. He settled down, gazing at

Jonathan sleepily as he perfectly folded another corner, “You’re going to leave me some wrapping paper, right? I haven’t wrapped yours yet.”

“Which color?” Jonathan asked, a bit distracted as he fought with Pancakes over the bag of bows. He gently pried the cat’s claws off of the bag and grabbed a white bow, tugging off the back end of the sticky film and then popping it on top of the box.

“Steve?” when his boyfriend failed to answer him, Jonathan glanced over at him. He smiled fondly, resting his chin on his palm.

Steve had dozed off, one arm underneath the cushion and a leg still propped up. He wasn’t snoring yet, a sign that he hadn’t fallen into a deep sleep, but he was definitely not awake enough to answer to Jonathan.

Pancakes stepped over to Steve, nuzzling into the propped leg. He draped himself over Steve’s hip, flexing his claws and kneading into the soft material of Steve’s sweatpants. Jonathan smiled again, shaking his head.

He grabbed another bow, a brilliant red color, and pulled off the end again. He placed the sticky bow just below Steve’s chest and then stood up as quietly as he could, gently setting Eleven’s present under the tree and pushing the wrapping paper and tape off the side.

He crept over to the kitchen, moving to grab his camera. He snatched it, grinning to himself as he quickly tip-toed to Steve’s side. Jonathan sat on his knees, angling the camera against his eye. He steadied his focus and took the shot.

The soft noise caused Pancake’s ears to flicker and Jonathan chuckled, putting down the camera. He crawled over to Steve, leaning down to peck the older man’s lips. “Hey,” he murmured against the pliant mouth, “Go to bed, I’ll join you in a few.”

Steve sighed sleepily, his arm coming around to circle Jonathan’s hip. He furrowed his brows at the sound of something crunching and he blinked his eyes open, staring down at the bow perched on his solar plexus. He raised a brow at Jonathan, “What did you do?”

“Nothing,” Jonathan shrugged and then he smiled again, pecking those lips again, “Just making sure to put the red bows on all of the presents for *me*.”

Steve smiled lazily, his hand creeping up behind Jonathan’s shirt to play with the warm skin of his back. Steve’s eyes were brighter in the light of the glowing Christmas tree. Warmer, so soft and sweet and tired.

Jonathan leaned down, his mouth peppering kisses over that tired face, “Go to bed,” he murmured again, moving to stand, “You have work in the-” he stumbled as Steve grabbed his arm, pulling him down to sprawl over his chest.

Steve’s arms wrapped around him, pulling him down into a hungry kiss. His hands once again ducked under the hem of Jonathan’s shirt, moving it up and out of the way as his fingers drew slow circles against skin.

“I miss you,” Steve whispered against their lips, “I’m so fucking glad that I have time off after tomorrow because I am going to spend at least one full day with you to myself, in our bed, making the sweetest love to you for *hours*,” he promised, voice low.

Jonathan shuddered at the tone, heat spreading across his cheeks. He pressed his mouth to Steve’s again, slowly sliding his tongue out to trace the older man’s full bottom lip before he pulled away, feeling small paws climbing up his back.

Steve frowned at Pancakes, the cat’s nose twitching as he leaned over Jonathan’s shoulder to sniff at Steve’s face, “Go away.” He told the feline, who merely slunk down and settled itself into the groove of Steve’s neck. “...Really, cat?”

Jonathan couldn’t stop himself from grinning even if he wanted to. “Wait, don’t move!” he told Steve, quickly rolling away from his lover. He ignored Steve’s groan and grabbed at his camera, bringing it up to his face, “Smile!”

“No,” Steve pouted, his eyes narrowed as the camera went off. He stood as well, his hand supporting Pancakes and the feline draping

itself over Steve's broad shoulders much like a towel, "Come up to bed with me?"

He gestured to the mess around the living room, "I'll clean this up first," Jonathan told him, smiling at the way Steve sighed dramatically and walked away.

"Fine, but I'm taking Pancakes," he called back, "at least *he* wants to snuggle with me."

And after Jonathan tucked the wrapped presents under the tree, picked up all the discarded wrapping paper, and moved the bows and ribbons out of Pancakes possible reach, he walked into their bedroom, pausing as he stared down at Steve.

The older man was out like a light, curled up on his side. He was snoring lightly, his fingers clenched in his pillow. Pancakes was also asleep, stretched out at the foot of their bed, like usual.

Jonathan smiled, grabbing the alarm clock on the nightstand and setting Steve's alarm, before he moved around the bed and pulled back the covers, slipping in to lie on his own side. He scooted over, wrapping one arm around Steve's mid-section and burying his face against Steve's defined shoulder-blades.

He felt Steve's hand reach down to settle over his, and even though he was nearly asleep himself, Jonathan's fingers instinctively linked with his lover's.

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He'd entered the house just in time to see Pancakes playing with the bulbs on the Christmas tree. Dropping his keys onto the bowl sitting on the little table-top besides the door, he rushed over to the devious animal.

"Damn it, cat," Steve grumbled, reaching down to scoop Pancakes up. His large palm settled underneath the cat's belly and he lifted it away from the Christmas tree. Steve placed him on his cat tree and then turned, his head tilting at the sound of a hiss coming from the kitchen.

He walked over, peeking around the wall.

Jonathan was blowing on his fingers, glaring down at a tray of cookies besides the oven. He shook his hand out, a wince on his face and Steve stepped forward, grabbing onto the pale wrist. He narrowed his eyes; Jonathan's fingertips were bright red. "Babe, what the hell?"

"I lost my oven mitt," Jonathan grumbled, "I think Pancakes stole it and killed it somewhere."

Steve snorted, his lips coming down to kiss the stinging flesh. Lowering their hands, he kissed Jonathan's lips next, slowly and hungrily. Work had been kicking his ass lately, he'd barely gotten time to spend with Jonathan during the day but he had the rest of the week off, thankfully.

"Come here," Steve moved them close to the sink, turning the tap for the cold water. He positioned Jonathan's fingers under the stream and glanced behind him to the tray of cookies. "Who are you baking for?"

"Who else?" Jonathan rolled his eyes, "They're peanut butter. They're for you."

Steve blinked at him and Jonathan smiled softly.

"On our first official date you told me about how you get so bored of chocolate chip and oatmeal raisin and how you wished more people would make peanut butter cookies. So," he nodded to the tray, "I made your wish come true."

Steve's heart forgot to skip and promptly tripped in his chest. He smiled down at his boyfriend, eyes bright. "You remember that? It was nearly seven years ago."

Jonathan smiled back, expression nothing but loving, "You took me roller-blading and fell on top of me trying to do a trick and bruised my pelvis. Of course I remember." He wrapped his arms around Steve's shoulders, wet fingers reaching up to bury in thick hair.

"That was on purpose," Steve admitted, his hands gripping onto

slender hips, “Well, I didn’t mean to bruise your pelvis and I’m still sorry, by the way, but I just pretended to stumble so I can fall on you...I hoped to get a kiss out of it.”

Jonathan laughed, “You didn’t.”

“No. I got a very loud, very upset, *What the hell, Harrington?! instead,*” Steve pouted, ducking down to press his nose against Jonathan’s.

“Then I owe you this,” was all Jonathan said before he tightened his fingers in Steve’s hair, pulling him down for an open-mouthed kiss.

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### **Author's Note:**

Look at all that sweetness.

I guess this could be a companion piece to my first prompt. Because Pancakes and all.

I didn’t have time to look this over- I work seven hours tonight and seven in the morning so yeah, sadness. -.-